3, 2, 1... Recording

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by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

Paranormal investigator Will Graham looks for a haunted place in order to record supernatural activities. He finds a weird lodge to stay the night.

Notes

Thread fic of the prompts "Monsterfucking" from Kinktober and "Haunting" from Hannictober, both from day 6. Sorry for any typo and enjoy!

Will Graham had been driving for almost two hours. The dark empty road seemed not to have end, and he was tired and had the urge to close his eyes. Where exactly was the place they'd told him? He should've been there by now.

Almost like a miracle, he began to see the outline of a low building on the right side of the road, and he slowed down the car as it approached. It seemed to be a worn out and old lodge, a typical looking haunted place. So, Will got out of his car, taking his backpack and camera.

The wooden floor cracked as he was walking, stepping carefully, after he closed a heavy door, and he found himself at some kind of reception hall. It was poorly illuminated, but the small lamp next to a counter gave him the impression that someone was actually running the place. It might be cheap to stay, he thought, and people desperate for a place to stay at night would probably ignore all the creepy atmosphere, too tired to look for a better place.

In any case, Will went to the counter, soon hearing footsteps and almost jumping when a woman appeared from the darkness.

"Good evening", he said, calmer. "I'd like a room."

The woman had an impassive expression. She said in a cold tone:

"Do you have any preference?"

"Well, I've heard that this place is haunted", Will replied, shameless. He was there to work, after all. Besides, he was going to pay. "Is there any room that makes people uneasy or maybe where weird things happened?", he concluded.

"Room 8 is known for making people have nightmares, and some even say their things disappeared, and also-"

"That's perfect. Room 8 then", Will said with a smile, taking his wallet from the pocket of the coat.

The woman, then, said the price and nothing more.

When Will entered the room, he started to cough due to the great amount of dust covering the furniture and in the air. As it had the fame of being haunted, people probably stopped staying there, which made the room stay closed for a long time, Will thought.

There was a double bed at the center, as well as a dresser right beside it. There was a window at the left wall, and a table at the opposite side. Will took off his coat and his backpack and put them on the table, catching his camera and starting to record the place. Will liked his job as a paranormal investigator, it was fun; even if most of the times - all the times, but he didn't want to admit - the places weren't in fact haunted.

After recording around the room and some details here and there, he put the camera above the table again. It was late and he was sleepy, so he left the camera recording in night mode. It would be able to last for six hours and it was enough.

Then, he laid down on the bed, a very uncomfortable one, and covered himself with the thin blanket the woman had given him. He fell asleep before he could think about anything.

Will didn't know how much time passed til he opened his eyes, feeling awfully cold. He cursed the thin blanket and, when he was getting up to close the window, he stood still. The window was already closed. He looked at the camera, the red light still on. He swallowed dry and slowly went back to the bed, covering himself and closing his eyes tightly. The woman never said anything about people being killed there, so he tried to calm down. At least, he would finally have a real recording of some paranormal event.

When he was almost falling asleep again, he felt a pressure above him. He remained with eyes closed, soon feeling something cold as ice - it felt like a hand - running through his face almost delicately.

Suddenly, the blanket was abruptly thrown to the floor, and when Will was opening his mouth to scream, the same hand covered it, making him gasp. The pressure above him seemed to become heavier, and another hand-like thing quickly went under his shirt, touching his warm skin and giving him shivers with all the coldness.

Will had his eyes wide open now, terrified. He was going to die, that was for sure. Nobody would ever look for him and it was going to be his fault, *he* looked for these kind of things.

However, before he could think about anything else, the hand that was under his shirt moved to his neck, gently caressing it. Will felt fear, a fear he had never felt before. He almost screamed when his shirt was violently ripped apart, being tossed to the floor just like the blanket. Will actually screamed, the noise being muffled by the hand, when he felt something wet and equally icy sucking on his nipple.

Going from one to another, his nipples were being sucked, licked, bitten, and he started to whimper, tears forming in frightened eyes. When whatever was doing it finished with his nipples, it went down, slowly, licking and sucking Will's chest and belly, making a trail to his pants' waistband. Will began to cry for real, wanting it to be over, wanting to be killed, if that was what the thing was going to do.

More tears came out when his pants were ripped just like his shirt, and his underwear was pulled by his legs, sliding to his feet. His body was trembling with cold, fear, despair. He was completely naked, at the mercy of that unknown being.

Will was sobbing, being turned around and having his face buried in the dusty pillow. His knees were bent, touching the bed, and his ass was up. The tears began to soak a spot in the pillow, and he felt the same cold wetness fill his hole, making him groan and arch his back.

The sensation didn't take long to end. All of sudden, he felt something hard and thick go inside him, sliding in with difficulty, and Will screamed, trying to lift his head but being pushed down with roughness. Slow thrusts became faster and faster as the thing held Will's waist, fucking him mercilessly.

Will was a mess of moans, painful whimpers and desperate cries, asking himself when it was going to end. The bed was creaking with each hard thrust. At a certain point, he felt a little bit

of pleasure, but refused to admit to himself, begging for it to end.

After minutes that felt like an eternity, Will felt a sticky, cold and viscous liquid fill him, and everything that was holding him seemed to vanish. He kept panting, sobbing a little, trying to catch his breath. Before he could notice, he fell asleep from exhaustion.

The morning came and Will woke up, still not believing in what happened despite the marks on his body and his ripped clothes on the floor. He dressed up as fast as he could with extra clothes he brought and turned off the camera, putting it inside the backpack.

Will was pale when he talked to the woman, telling what happened to him but omitting some details. She had the same impassive expression, but Will could notice a small smile on her lips.

"I think *he* liked you. Yesterday you didn't let me finish, but I'd have told you that people were in fact killed in the room, several times. It's the first time something like...what happened to you occurred. Consider yourself lucky."

Will's heart was beating so fast that it hurt. He didn't say anything, and left as fast as he could.

When he was on the road again, he thought if he should delete the video or not.

His curiosity won.

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